

*Luc.* Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,  
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.  
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,  
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:  
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,  
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:  
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,  
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-staine face,  
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

*Mar.* Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,  
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:  
O were the summe of these that I should pay  
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

*Luc.* Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs  
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:  
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
I Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:  
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,  
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:  
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.  
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,  
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

*Boy.* O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart  
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.  
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,  
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

*Romans.* You sad *Andronicus*, haue done with woes,  
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,  
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.

*Luc.* Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:  
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:  
If any one releues, or pitties him,  
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:  
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

*Aron.* Owly should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe:  
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers  
I should repent the Euils I haue done.  
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,  
Would I performe if I might haue my will:  
If one good Deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very Soule.

*Lucius.* Some louing Friends conuey the Emp' hence,  
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,  
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith  
Be clofed in our Houshold Monument:  
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,  
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:  
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:  
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:  
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pity,  
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.  
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,  
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:  
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,  
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



# THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIE

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers,  
of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

*Greg.* A my word wee'l not carry coales.

*Samp.* No, for then we should be Colliers.

*Samp.* I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

*Greg.* I, While you live, draw your necke out  
o'th Collar.

*Samp.* I strike quickly, being mou'd.

*Greg.* But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

*Samp.* A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.

*Greg.* To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:  
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

*Samp.* A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.  
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.

*Greg.* That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the wea-  
kest goes to the wall.

*Samp.* True, and therefore women being the weaker  
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push  
*Montagues* men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to  
the wall. (their men.)

*Greg.* The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs  
*Samp.* 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when  
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the  
Maides, and cut off their heads.

*Greg.* The heads of the Maides?  
*Samp.* I, the heads of the Maides, or their Maiden-heads,  
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

*Greg.* They must take it sence, that feele it.  
*Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:  
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

*Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou  
had'st bene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of  
the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

*Samp.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee  
*Gre.* How? Turne thy backe, and run,  
*Samp.* Feare me not.

*Gre.* No marry: I feare thee.  
*Samp.* Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.  
Or I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

*Samp.* Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,  
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumb at vs sir?  
*Samp.* I do bite my Thumb, sir.

*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?  
*Samp.* Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.

*Samp.* No sir, I do not  
I bite my Thumb, sir.

*Greg.* Do you quarre  
*Abra.* Quarrell sir? no  
*Samp.* If you do sir, I am  
*Abra.* No better?

*Greg.* Say better: here comes  
*Samp.* Yes, better.  
*Abra.* You Lye.

*Samp.* Draw if you be  
washing blow.  
*Ben.* Part Fooles, put  
what you do.

*Tyb.* What art thou  
Hinder? Turne thee *Ben.*  
*Ben.* I do but keepe the  
Or manage it to part the

*Tyb.* What draw, and  
As I hate hell, all *Mont*  
Haue at thee Coward.

Enter three or four  
Offi. Clubs, Bills, and P  
Downe with the *Capulet*

Enter old *Capulet*  
*Cap.* What noise is th  
Wife. A crutch, a crut  
*Cap.* My Sword I say  
And flourishes his Blade

Enter old *M*  
*Moun.* Thou villaine C  
2. Wife. Thou shalt n  
Enter Prince E

Prince. Rebellious S  
Prophaners of this Neig  
Will they not heare? W  
That quench the fire of y  
With purple Fountaines  
On paine of Torture, fro  
Throw your mistemper  
And heare the Sentence

Three ciuill Broyles, br  
By thee old *Capulet* and  
Haue thrice disturb'd th  
And made *Verona's* anci  
Cast by their Graue bes  
To wield old Partizans